

A Child of Erin.

A. DESCRIPTION OF THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.

My prettiest patient was a dear little girl of three summers, to whom I was called in when on my district in the county Down. It would take a much cleverer pen than mine to describe the angelic beauty of the child, with her glorious Irish eyes, and the unusual combination of golden hair. Strange to relate, the dear mite's father was a hunchback, the mother being most ordinary and of little intelligence, but, like most Irish mothers, full of a great love for her offspring. As I was returning from

recovery, the shock being great, and the scalds severe, as the child had close-fitting heavy woollen garments on, which had soaked up so much water. As the urethra and the labia were in a shocking state it was necessary to draw off the urine twice daily, having previously soaked the parts with olive oil. After many weeks of great suffering, with the aid of a small water pillow and absolute cleanliness, the dear mite recovered to the great joy and thankfulness of the parents, and was once more to be seen running and playing about the cottage. She usually addressed me as "The Woman," my advent always bringing the tears



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a morning's duty along a country road, a woman rushed out from a cottage, begging me to come in, and saying that her child was dying. On entering I found the most lovely child it had ever been my lot to see, screaming pitifully. She was horribly scalded about the lower part of the body and legs, having fallen into a pot of boiling potato water, which the mother had left in the centre of the kitchen floor. It so happened that I had plenty of dressings with me, and was able to dress the scalds, having in the meantime despatched a kind neighbour for the doctor. Little hope was given of the child's

to her eyes. When I asked her if she would be good and not cry, her answer would be "Ay!" and on teaching her to say "Yes," she would say "Puss." Before I left her she could say "Nurse" and "Yes," and nothing would satisfy her but a nurse dolly, which she is holding in the picture.

LILY NEWTON,
Queen's Nurse.

The children of Erin may not be plentifully dowered with wealth, but in beauty they can hold their own with those of any nation.

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